



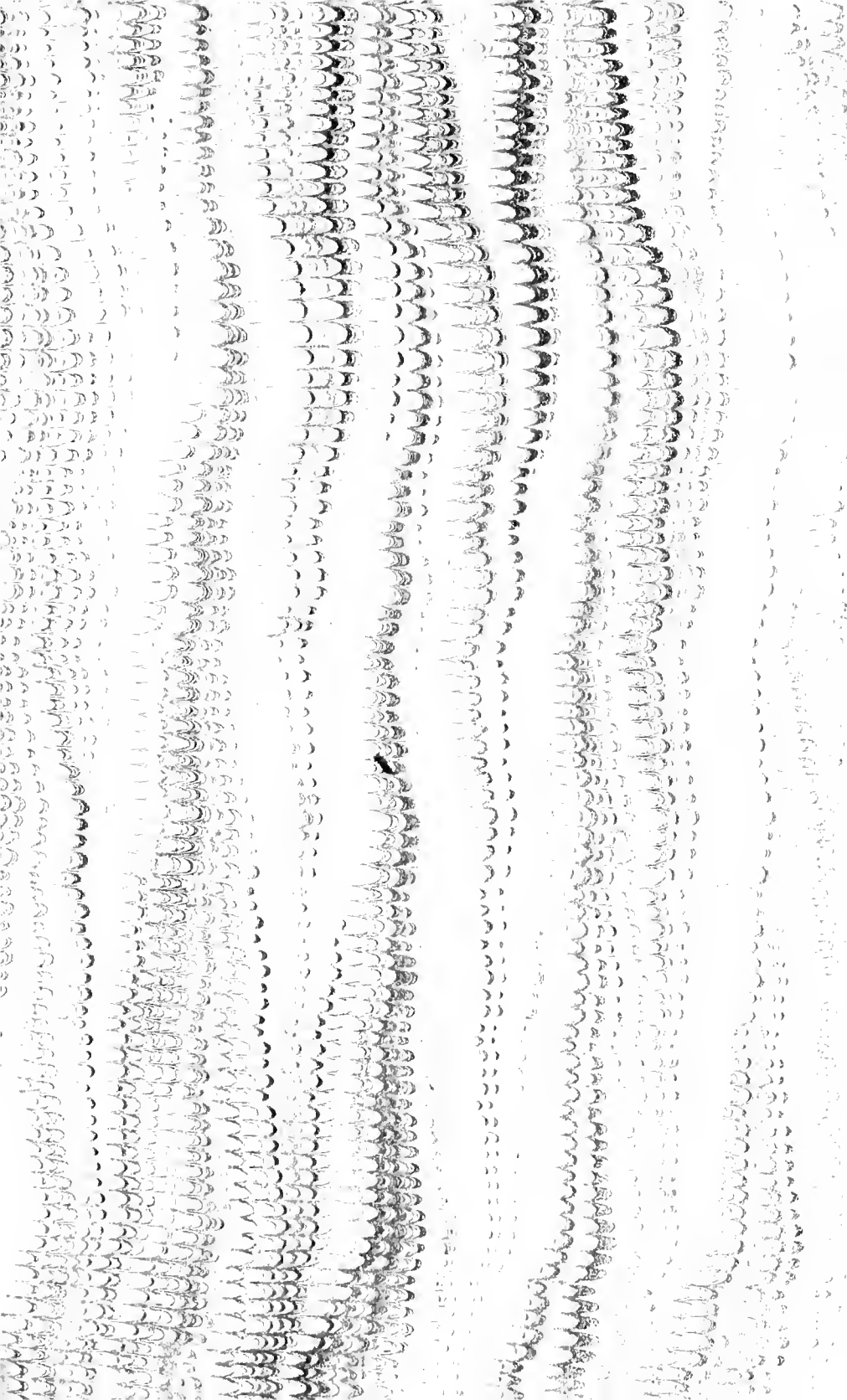
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THE
Siege of Limerick :

A POEM,

IN

THREE CANTOS.

...

By J. R. GILDEA,

New Haven, Conn.

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NEW HAVEN

HOGGSON & ROBINSON, PRINTERS,

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The Siege of Limerick.

INTRODUCTION.

The many desperate battles fought by Irishmen in defence of their country, endeavoring to wrest her from the grasp of the invader, have been the theme of Patriots the world over.

But to none of her battles should Irishmen look with more pride than the Siege of Limerick, in which the Irish, under the indomitable Sarsfield, repelled the army of King William, after a terrible resistance.

The "Broken Treaty" is still sadly remembered, and Irishmen wherever they may reside are well aware that their country was never really conquered by the Saxon, nor is it to this day.

As poets, at all times and in all climes, have sung of their battles and heroes, from the days of Homer to the present, and as the poets of Ireland hardly allude to some of its greatest victories, I, an humble aspirant, will endeavor to exalt some of the heroes of my race in the following cantos, which I trust the reader will look over with an impartial spirit.

THE AUTHOR.

NEW HAVEN, *July*, 1878.

NOTE.

Lord Macaulay says : " At the Siege of Limerick, the women stood on the breach, and from the walls hurled missiles of every description at the invading army of King William." Their heroic conduct on that ever memorable occasion will long be remembered with pride, and emulated in many a succeeding generation; for their example may be followed with more success in days to come, when Freedom will be the reward of feminine bravery such as their's inspired.

But of all the heroines and heroes of Limerick, none displayed the bravery, courage, and devotion of Belinda, and her invincible lover, O'Donnell, who exploded the great mine of Sarsfield at Keeper Hill, by which the enemy was cut to pieces so suddenly.

The sad fate and amorous lives of O'Donnell and Belinda are still remembered in the love songs of Limerick's fairest daughters, who often at evening *fill*, in pleasant groups, while the time away in recounting to their children their loves and sorrows.

PREFACE.

With pen and ink, and paper too,
Reader, this book I write for you ;
For you, who are a peasant low,
My strain of musing out I throw :
For you who love your native Isle,
And daily till your humble soil,
With plough and harrow, and with spade,
Beneath each sylvan ivy shade ;
For you who are oppressed and weak,
Whose bliss the tyrant oft does break ;
Whose days are passed in misery,
For want of laws to set you free :
For you who like myself must roam
Heart-broken, far away from home,
In other climes to live, to weep
Our nation's rights, while tyrants sleep
In happy scenes we leave behind,
And haunts familiar to our mind :
For you, dear maiden, whom my lay
Would teach in virtuous paths to stray,
May it give comfort every day :
For you, poor widow, of the Gael,
May it be a sweet, consoling tale.

For one and all this book I write,
Whose heart the tempest did not blight ;
Who braved the storm long ago,
For Faith-sake suffered want and woe ;
For Faith and Country dwelt in pain,
For ye I breathe my humble strain.

Not for the lordly tyrant's eye,
Who seems on golden wings to fly ;
Nor for the proud ungenerous ear,—
Such men, my poems shall never hear,
Nor for a foe of Erin's Isle,
Do I my verses thus compile ;
But for the humble peasant boy,
Whose welfare is my greatest joy,
And spotless maids on Erin's shore,
These lines come jumping from my core.
And many an evening have I passed,
Till I composed these poems at last :
With candle on the table lit,
O'er Erin brooding did I sit ;
For of its joys, and of its woes,
My bosom has enough to choose—
But this short Preface now I close,
And hope that all who read excuse
The illiterate wandering of my muse.

PRELUDE.

Of that green isle beyond the sea,
Which Brian from the Danes did free,
Long, long ago- where peace was found
On every spot of hallowed ground ;
Till iron days and Saxon greed,
Came to usurp her sacred creed ;
Sing, trembling muse, though of the " Nine,"
We lack the holy strain divine.

" Parnassus Mount," though famed in song,
Ne'er half so sacred comes along
The misty path of ancient time,
With glory as the Irish clime,
Can furnish in her poet's rhyme,
Where could the bard of ancient Troy,
A fairer theme than thine employ ?
Where, Greece renowned in other day,
Find better field for poet's lay ?
Nor Rome in all her shining night,
Could find so great a song to write,
Than we, oh, worthy muse begin !
Assist thou great Creator then,
The lowly efforts of my pen,
And keep me 'neath thy mighty wing,
While of thy faithful sons I sing,
And thou, oh, Virgin Mother, mild,
Shield and protect thy erring child,

That in the task I have begun,
'Twill be to glorify thy Son ;
To show the world for whom He died,
The people of His choice and pride ;
To whom He taught the Eternal way,
Through Patrick, to the Judgment day.

Of where the lordly Shannon runs,
Of Limerick and its manly sons,
Sing well, and of their battle ground,
Dwell long and earnest and profound.
The maids of Erin well define,
In more than one impassioned line ;
And how they fought and how they fell,
Forget not worthy muse to tell.

While thus we course the fields along,
Be deeds of love and war our song ;
Of faith and virtue, bravery, too,
The men and maids of Erin knew,
And still in every walk pursue.
Their heroic deeds on Limerick's wall,
Will draw a tear from one and all,
If well portrayed, oh ! gentle muse,
As round her shores we sadly cruise.
And if, betimes, a fault we find
Conveying sorrow to the mind,
Fail not to censure—thus we write—
Oh, muse ! God guide our steps aright ;
To Him, we leave the balance then
Of every line we have to sing.

THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

IN Europe, farthest to the West,
In coat of emerald armor drest ;
Washed by the wild Atlantic waves,
Whose misty rocks it thundering laves,
There stands an Isle, it is the peer
Of any on this mundane sphere :
Of Saints and Sages, 'twas the seat,
Who left the prints of blessed feet
On many a hill and many a dale,
Where now the lover breathes his tale :
Of Virgins' sweet and holy bowers,
Of ruined Altars, and Round Towers ;
Of Sacred Shrines, and martyred men,
Of fairy dells, and Goddess' glen ;
No Goth nor Vandal ever seen,
Nor Roman Knight that " Isle of Green."

II.

Oh ! who can tread its hallowed shore,
 Its sainted clay, its martyred core,
 Nor of its long devotion hear,
 Strange to the charms of a tear ?

III.

Fair land, where every charm dwelt,
 Home of the brave, the mighty *Celt* ;
 Land of mysterious destiny,
 Land of the beautiful and free ;
 Of rocky shore and heather hill,
 Of love and friendship even still ;
 Land of the Hermit and the Nun,
 Soon was thy course of splendor run :
 Soon ruin and rapine, found its way
 To sap the light of other day ;
 But midst thy woes a smile yet beams
 O'er all thy palaces, and streams ;
 A smile of hope thy soul to cheer,
 For many a long enduring year,
 Sweet lovely Erin of the past,
 The battle hour has come at last ;
 And soon shall rise thy morning star,
 'Twill beam from " Patrick's Reak " afar ;
 The joyous orb already shows,
 And points the way to Limerick's foes -

To arms fast thy chieftains go,
The invading Saxons to o'erthrow !

IV.

Who now, on thundering charger bold,
That scarce his foaming steed can hold,
Comes bounding on like knight of old ?
Who with such fast and head long pace,
There's terror depicted in his face,
That chieftain of the Irish race ;
But who dare query, where or how,
The perspiration streaks his brow ?
'Twere hard to know, and sad to tell
The thoughts that in his bosom dwell.
That eye before, so calm, so still,
Now shows the storm of gathering ill :
As lightning bursting from the skies,
So seem his dark impetuous eyes,
See, too, those cheeks that late were pale,
Full-flushed upon that mighty *Gaol* ;
His form erect, his flowing hair
Shows much of hope, less of despair ;
And in the workings of his mind,
There's joy and grief, and care combined.

V.

Around, his warriors wait in fear,
His well-known marshal voice to hear ;

For many a time in other day,
 He led them to the battle fray,
 O'er many a crag, and many a glen,
 The dashing Prince of Coolavin ;
 Nor e'er was worsted by a foe,
 The dauntless, brave McDermot Roe,
 But now, ambitious of his state,
 He hears King William at the gate,
 And gathers all his chieftains bold,
 That strong-hold of the land to hold :
 For he, of all his warlike host,
 Could a long lineage proudly boast ;
 A line of ancestors could view,
 Even from the days of Brian Boru ;
 And of his kith, and of his kin,
 There's some, still left in Coolavin.

VI.

"Come hither, O'Donnell of the glen,"
 Spoke thus the Prince of Coolavin,
 "The best and bravest of my band
 Take, and yon battlements command ;
 Watch well the tower, and turret high
 Signal the foe when coming nigh ;
 Be wary, watchful, firm and sure,
 The walls of Limerick to secure ;
 Sentinels post at every gate,
 And when the clock is striking eight,

One of thy valiant band inspire,
 To place this sign upon the spire."
 His steed then mounts, and through his men,
 Whose heads uncovered on the glen,
 Hailed their chief with shouts of glee,
 As his courser bounded o'er the lea.
 But useless the race of McDermot Roe,
 He might as well have traveled slow,
 For his daughter departed long ago,
 Ah! little the great old hero knew,
 How much she loved O'Donnell Aboo.

VII.

The lights were lit in Coolavin
 The halls were guarded well within—
 The night was dark, the hour was late,
 And watchmen were at every gate ;
 But high the gate, and dark the hour,
 Could keep Belinda in her bower.
 Tho' well they kept their watch and ward,
 Who could a lover's steps retard ;
 For with the sentinels in sight,
 Disguised in robes of Banshee white,
 She stole away that dismal night ;
 To mingle in the bloody fray,
 On Limerick's walls, alack-a-day ;

VIII.

The weeds are gathering on the walls,
Around O'Donnell's Castle Halls—
No more the Knights of other day,
Nor lady fair, one time so gay,
There play the lute or the guitar—
'Tis lonely as the morning star,
Bright in its loneliness, sublime,
High tenant of its spacious clime,
Deserted are the garden walks,
They're covered o'er with hemlock stalks;
No rose nor tulip lifts its head –
Their sweet companions all are dead;
The spoiler's foot has killed them all,
So lovely once around each wall;
Like scorpion, when himself he stings,
Soon dies; so death the Saxon brings:
His breath corrupted with disease,
Pours pestilence to every breeze,
The trees neglected here and there,
Show well the want of pruning care;
And stalls, where many a prancing steed
Of thorough blood were wont to feed,
Deserted are—the graceful hound,
No more upon the park is found:
For desolation marks the place
Of the O'Donnell's noble race,
Who once were leaders of the chase.

Lone is that Castle now to see,
 The fairest once in all Cloongee,
 The huntsman there no more is seen
 To blow his bugle on the green ;
 For every lord he used to greet,
 Went forth the Saxon foe to meet ;
 Their creed and country to protect,
 Ah ! well-a-day does he suspect,
 And though he's old and feeble now,
 He could a hedge bound o'er, I trow ;
 But pleasures of the exciting chase,
 Have long since left his wrinkled face ;
 Nor of his country does despair,
 His inmost thoughts are centered there--
 And now with each succeeding year,
 He hopes in Limerick to appear.

IX.

'Twas sweet to tell, and fair to trace
 One time the beauty of that place ;
 To hear the lowing of the cow,
 The lambkins sporting on the brow
 Of many a green and lovely spot,
 By milk-maids ne'er to be forgot ;
 To hear the linnet, and the lark,
 And blackbird singing in the park,

Their notes of love on bower and brake ;
 The tame swan floating on the lake
 Majestically, while odors rise
 From many a flower unto the skies :
 The wall-flower, and the daisy, too,
 The pretty blue-bell, fair to view,
 The blooming lilies' quiet repose,
 In many a pensive bower grows :
 Most all that grew in Paradise,
 There lay before the gazer's eyes
 As fresh and exquisite, and fair,
 As e'er was fanned by winds elsewhere.

X.

Through such as these, Belinda roved,
 And by O'Donnell was beloved ;
 But 'twas long weary years since she
 His manly form used to see
 Around the shades of Coolavin—
 How happy was her bosom then.
 But now she leaves her father's halls,
 To search for him on Limerick's walls ;
 For well, full well, Belinda knows,
 O'Donnell Aboo will face his foes,
 Wherever found, his band and he
 Have sought to get their country free ;
 And now the last decisive blow
 She hopes to deal the Saxon foe.

XI.

The night was dark, the way was long,
Belinda's heart was light and strong,
Such as are hearts that know no wrong.
The grass was wet with misty dew,
Before the Chapel came in view,
Whose glimmer in the distant haze,
Joy brought her sad and lonely gaze ;
For many a time before she stole,
There to commune with her pure soul,
And there in other happier hours,
She culled the best and choicest flowers,
Its altars to sublimely dress
In every form of loveliness,
With fragrant roses of the best,
A gift to God, and to the priest.
And with such happy thoughts alive,
She hears the Angeles bell strike five ;
She sees the distant altar's light,
Which was to her a heavenly sight ;
For weary, worn, and tired in mind,
Rest there, and comfort she could find :
A refuge in that silent shade,
It proved to many an Irish maid.
And many a chief with battle-scar,
Came to its bowers from afar,
Sweet consolation there to find -
Peace for a worn, and weary mind ;

Such only as religion gives
To those that in earth's turmoil lives ;
That on its rough, and stormy hills,
Feel all its torments and its ills ;
Retiring from all worldly strife,
In quest of ease—at close of life —
Far from the happy smiles of home,
For that pure life that is to come
Beyond the grave— Oh ! who would then
Request to live his life again ?
To travel o'er its dreary road,
And carry anew his leaden load.
There poor Belinda found repose,
Just as the morning sun arose—
Repose such as a breast in love,
May find 'mid scenes of peace above,
There, well secured, Belinda slept,
And of O'Donnell surely dreamt.
Her dreams, my muse, disdains to tell,
Those who have loved must know them well,
And those who have not, ne'er can guess
The soothing sleep that lover's bless.
There 'neath the eyes of Father Tom,
And good old Parish Clerk, Neil Kom,
Belinda's spirit wandered free,
'Till the sun was far above Cloongee.

XII.

He was a good old Parish Priest,
And well on seventy years at least,
And knew how to dissect a sin,
Old Father Tom of Coolavin;
With long, gray hair, and rosy cheek,
And body rounded, as a peak
That long the coming blast defies,
Of lightning shafts and thundering skies;
But meek and humble as a child,
And blest were all on whom he smiled.
He got his learning far away,
Except what some old cronies say,
Was found in village schools at home—
They wondered when he came from Rome,
He knew so much, was so refined,
And had such knowledge in his mind,
And all, of whatsoever creed,
Gave to his words of wisdom heed;
For through the country, far and near,
He was to every peasant dear,
Save to the bigot, whom he feared,
That hate among his flock appeared;
With fear, as of the serpent's sting,
For poison in their mouths they bring.
None could from Father Tom, entice
A soul with all their new device—

His flock did well their speech eschew,
 Sure as in May sings the cuckoo,
 Vain do they preach, 'tis "passing strange,"
 How few their gold and bibles change.

XIII.

Oh! who can tell, save he who tried
 To free the country of his pride,
 How many of her children bleed,
 And suffer for their holy creed;
 Still burning brightly in the core,
 (As fervid as it was of yore,)
 Of many a maid and many a man,
 Who still support Almighty's plan?
 Who on the earth were proud as they,
 His will and precepts to obey?
 Think of the bloody cave, Dundalk,
 Raise up thy murdered sons to talk
 Of Cromwell's deeds! their spirits live
 Unto this day that horrid cave!
 With fire and sword, that hated foe
 Laid many a thriving hamlet low.
 But soon the hateful of his race,
 Shall meet our chieftains face to face;
 The war-cry thickens in the skies!
 And vengeance! vengeance! Limerick cries!
 High o'er her battlements and towers,
 The cloud of war already lowers;

Her maids from duty never swerve,
Possessing such an Irish nerve !
Oh ! who can of their valor tell,
How bravely, too, they fought and fell ?
Who can their heroic deeds portray —
’Twere great and mighty such a lay !

XIV.

’Twas midnight when McDermot Roe,
Whose men he left to watch the foe,
On dashing charger, fierce and bold,
Came to his guarded high stronghold.
Fleeter the thoughts within his mind
Than his steed that galloped past the wind,
But maddened to grief was his marshal head,
When he found his daughter was not in bed.
And there, with sentinels in sight,
He poured his wrath on that dark night ;
But what he said in such a mood,
Could not be sensible or good ;
So great was the storm within his mind,
Few were the words that he could find ;
For he loved his daughter from a child,
Nor thought she on another smiled ;
And the fond features he could trace
Of his long lost wife, upon her face.

But often O'Donnell of the glen,
He thought he saw round Coolavin --
O'Donnell, of many a stirring feud,
As rumor had it, his daughter wooed.
And wild was the life O'Donnell led,
On the mountains, since his home he fled ;
And braver chief 'twere hard to know,
Than he, and the great McDermot Roe,
But now on the walls of Limerick, he
Has instructions to watch the enemy,
'Till his chief returns to him again,
The dashing Prince of Coolavin ;
Who gathers his men that very night,
And in darkness hurries them to the fight.

XV.

As thus the Prince of Coolavin,
Marched on to Limerick with his men,
And others coming in his wake,
Were gathered from the bordering lake,
Along the banks of Shannon's side,
Which of all streams is Erin's pride ;
He hears before the dawn of day,
Surprised, the following lovely lay,
Which mingled with the water's roar,
As if deploring days of yore :

1.

“She has left her Father’s lovely halls,
To mingle in the fray,
Nor e’er shall see its happy walls
As on a former day.

2.

Her Mother long lies in the grave,—
Few friends on earth has she,
But one who dwells beyond the wave,
Whom she may never see.

3.

The only friend that soothes her brow,
From whom she’s loth to part,
In all this wide, wide world now,
That cheers her weary heart.

4.

Is Father Tom, of fair Cloongee,
Who stored her mind full well
With thoughts as boundless as the sea,
In virtuous paths to dwell.

5.

But one more dear than all beside,
She hopes again to greet,
Whatever may her fate betide,
Nor care what storms meet.

6.

For well she knows where cannon balls
Are whistling wildly round,
On Limerick's well protected walls,
Her lover will be found.

7.

Not he to flee from Saxon foe,
When danger hovers near,
He's dauntless as McDermot Roe,
And as strange to grief or fear.

8.

And soon will mingle in the strife,
His country to defend —
But what care any for their life,
Who have no earthly friend.

Thus to the early morning gale,
The singer poured her plaintive wail
While stealing from his spouses' bed,
The lark's delicious notes are heard,
As upward on fast pinion driven,
He cleaves the dark blue vault of heaven ;
There charms his spouse high in the air,
Her young to tend with watchful care ;
While like a ball from furnace bright,
Aurora spreads her golden light,

Whose magnificence must soon give way,
Before the sun's superior ray,
Which now begins his face to show,
And silvery beams on earth to throw,
To warm anew this world below.

XVI.

The dashing Prince of Coolavin,
Is joined by men from every glen;
From every hill, and mountain, too,
From Ballinalfad to Knockadoo;
The towns of Una and Anna show
As strong intent with him to go;
Roscommon's boys are all on fire,
Till on the Saxon foe they fire;
Hy-Manie's cry, O'Dudha's too,
O'Connor's that on the enliew
Wild mountains off rose in the air,
The English trembled once to hear:
From far off Commaught in the west,
The great "Twelve Tribes" of blood the best,
Is heard again on every side,
As forward on panting steeds they ride!
Not yet, from out their minds have flown,
The gallant deeds of famed Tyrone;
Red Hugh O'Neil, full well they know,
The same hills crossed to meet the foe.

Ah ! who the hero e'er that slew,
 So much, save the O'Donnell Aboo,
 Of English blood or hated Scott ?
 Their valor ne'er shall be forgot !
 They died, their native land to save,
 One far away beyond the wave,
 The other many a mile from home,
 Died of a broken heart in Rome !
 And mighty Tyrrell, firm and true,
 In grief expired, his land to view,
 In desolation, want and woe,
 Despoiled and plundered by the foe !
 But soon the war-cry of the past,
 " O'Donnell Aboo " will ring at last
 O'Donnell Aboo ! that magic sound,
 Shall wake the nations all around,
 From the grand Liffey to the Moy,
 Thy terror DeCarrew, and Mountjoy.

XVII

Soon as the morning hour of prayer,
 Was ushered in his voice to hear,
 Old Father Tom of Coolavin,
 Saw every peasant on the glen
 Assembled there, the young and old,
 His old thatched church was fit to hold,
 And there they prayed those sons of toil,
 The humble tenants of the soil,

With earnest hearts, to God that He
Would keep their land from Saxons free.
Belinda, there, among the throng,
Prayed to her Maker well and long,
For brave O'Donnell of the glen ;
And that she might herself within,
Well fortify, when cannon balls
Around her head, in Limerick falls ;
To whose fair city the next day,
She hoped to wend her lonely way ;
There, happiness in death to find,
Or peace for Erin of some kind.
And as she leaves the chapel wall,
The tears of sweet remembrance fall ;
To think, perhaps, that never she
Old Father Tom, again would see,
Nor that fair altar which she drest,
And of all places loved the best.
Its shades how could she e'er forget,
'Twas there O'Donnell first she met ;
No fairer on the village green,
Than she, and he were ever seen,
He, the O'Donnell of the glen,
The noblest of the noble men ;
And she more beautiful and fair,
Than e'er was known to wander there ;
And though possessed of every grace,
Determination marked her face,

Which when directed 'gainst a foe,
'Twere hard to battle with and know,
The blood was there of McDermot Roe.

XVIII.

Not Father Tom, at home to stay
From Limerick on so great a day ;
Not he the battle-field eschew,
With his country's enemies in view ;
Though old, and tired nigh of life,
He longed to mingle in the strife,
Religious consolation there,
To spread around him everywhere ;
For where the sick and wounded lay,
The good priest always found his way,
Nor danger feared as on he trod,
This noble-hearted man of God,
And many a spirit's waning 'eve,
On earth, he did by prayers relieve ;
And with the sinner well would cope,
'Till his heart to penitence did 'ope ;
Then dawned on his departing gaze
The coming light of brighter days ;
The coming light to mortals given,
That beam alone for them in heaven.

XIX.

Ah ! who can of poor Erin write,
 Throughout its long and dismal night ?
 Its night of tortures, and of woes,
 Its mighty efforts with its foes ;
 Or tell how with each burning thought,
 Her faithful clergy bravely fought,
 In mind, and body, soul and brain,
 The faith of Patrick to maintain ;
 As pure as he on Tara's Hill,
 Had taught the Druids heaven's will ;
 As pure as he forever held
 That holy faith, in days of old ;
 Transmitting to this day that fire,
 Which charms the efforts of my lyre ;
 That still shoots up, the country through,
 From Valley low to Neaphin Dhue ;
 From princely palace hermit's cell,
 And humble hamlet in the dell ?
 Go forth ye biggots, and behold,
 The foot-prints of that heavenly fold :
 The marks on many a fairy glen,
 Left there by Patrick's holy men !

XX.

On Armagh's grand and towering domes,
 On " Arran's Isle " of saintly homes,

The light of other days remain
 To show such happy scenes again —
 Again, when the millenium time
 Shall blossom o'er the Irish clime ; —
 When all her sons throughout the world
 With banner of green before them furled,
 Shall as the saint inspired, planned,
 Return in triumph to their land ;
 And all her plunder be restored,
 According to that inspired word :
 Her grand old abbeys of the past,
 And monasteries, and shrines at last,
 Of beauty, glory, pride and praise,
 Shall be possessed with anxious gaze ;
 And all united in One Fold,
 Shall worship as they did of old.

XXI.

No longer now upon the green,
 Belinda's lovely form is seen ;
 Her olden scenes of peace forsook,
 How oft she turns to catch one look,
 One loving look at all behind,
 A farewell feeling in her mind,
 But some, to grieve her on her way,
 Now chanted forth the following lay,
 Which brought the tears before her gaze,
 Reminding her of happier days.

1.

There's one I daily think of now,
But she is far away,
And oft with sad and aching brow,
I weep for her to-day—
To-day, just ten long years ago,
I bade to her adieu ;
And the tears then shed, none e'er shall know
My lovely Kate but you.

2.

The last fond clasp I think of yet,
It was so long and meet ;
Nor shall that pure embrace forget,
It was so warm and sweet ;
Those lips I pressed with many a sob,
Those eyes that once were bright,
Death closed up with its dismal robe,
And took her from my sight.

3.

And now I wander sad and lone—
But what care I for life ?
I have no one to call my own,
No child nor loving wife !
My weary heart lies in her tomb,
Beyond the wide, wide sea ;
And though my soul is full of gloom,
I know she'll think of me.

4.

I little thought that one so good,
Could ever from me stray ;
Nor that my lovely Kate e'er would
Be mingling with the clay.
But God is just, His will be done
“ On earth as 'tis above ;”
He may restore unto me soon,
My own, my only love.

XXII.

This song to poor Belinda's heart,
A lonely feeling did impart ;
For oft O'Donnell by her side,
Arm in arm were espied,
Free from the world's sad turmoil,
Seen roaming o'er the “ Plains of Boyle,”
As fair a spot as e'er was given
To mortals on this side of heaven ;
For nature, lavish of her charms,
Had left them all upon these farms ;
More lovely, fertile and sublime,
Than e'er was seen on earthly clime ;
And with a long and sadening swell,
She bade to all their sweet farewell.
While Father Tom, of honest heart,
Packed up his books and vestments smart ;

To quit awhile his native place,
 The tears of sorrow on his face ;
 For well he loved his humble flock,
 And hard to them the sudden shock
 Of his departure, but behind
 Were left none, save the weaker kind,
 And little ones of tender mind.
 Thus grief was 'suaged, a better boon,
 Before him lay in Limerick soon,
 Though marked with havoc, war and ruin.

END OF FIRST CANTO.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

The moon begins her silent reign,
 In state-like grandeur o'er the plain :
 The sun departing from each rill,
 Fast disappears behind the hill,
 Until next day, his walk again,
 In equal state he does begin.
 The dew in volumes on the ground,
 Gave odor to the flowers around,
 Where now and then the humming bee,
 With bag of honey, you might see

Returning homeward to her cell,
The hundreth time from many a dell :
Whose lonely hum in passing by,
Seems to lisp forth industry ;
And early rambles from her hive,
Reminds us how we ought to strive ;
For e'er the sun breaks in the East,
Which never sees her in her nest,
She's up, and sucks from every rose
The dew-drop, while the drones repose :
So man, if idle like the drone,
In hunger oft is doomed to moan.

II.

The lambs were bleating on the hills,
And murmuring were the falling rills ;
No birds were seen upon the wing —
All nature spoke in whispering :
The lowing cow, in hurry home
For maid to milk, was seen to come ;
And by her side the calf new-born,
In daring pastime prest her horn :
The weary ploughman, last of all
The farmer's servants, to the stall
Led forth his horses, weary too
With task which they were wont to do ;
From morning, shouting to each horse,
His voice at eventime was hoarse,

But pleasures of the coming night
Drove cares away, and gave delight.
So through the fields, to manhood grown,
The peasants wandered all alone,
Their hours of daily toil being o'er,
To glad, and fructify the core
With sentiments of virtue, fair
In love's simplicity most rare ;
Which no one like the peasant feels,
Though poverty around him steals.
Thus by the lovely Shannon's side,
Are seen the flower of Erin's pride,
The bravest men and fairest maids,
Still wander o'er those peaceful glades.
Fair scenes in memory come to view,
Where I myself have wandered too ;
And oft in youth my fancy drew
A picture of some lovely cot,
In some delightful, happy spot,
Where I in peace, at length might close
My eyes to earth's unending woes ;
For, God knows, I have had my share
Of sorrows in this world of care !

III.

What change takes place e'en with a day,
What ruin, havoc, and dismay,

May cross the faulty mind of man,
Since bright, and clear the day began !
No one can tell—so strange is life,
We know not when we swell the strife,
The strife wherein all mortals roll,
Some caring little for their soul.
That setting sun that stole away,
Ne'er closed before a darker day,
To one so sadly on that roved,
Almost regretting that she loved ;
And feeling that she never more,
The same green fields would wander o'er,
With her O'Donnell as of yore ;
For to behold each lovely spot,
So sacred, where they often sat ;
To see the self-same ivy trees,
Where once they hailed the cooling breeze ;
To hear the sound of purling rills,
Come tumbling down the primrose hills,
Was grief to her, and sorrow then,
Without O'Donnell of the glen.
Such is the soul, whose constant gaze
Is ever fixed on former days.

IV.

With thoughts like these within her breast,
Belinda sat her down to rest,

And as around she cast her eyes,
A form approaching she espies ;
Who looked as one, good people say
That in the forts of Ireland stay,
Or in the sea, or earth, or air—
They're said to ramble everywhere.
And well she deemed, he could not be
A resident of earth, for he
Appeared of that celestial sort
That roam through heaven's illumed court.
His hair was nigh as long and white
As Banshee's robes appear at night,
And sageful countenance as grave
As e'er a brush to picture gave.
Thus to Belinda he addressed
Himself, as if some heavenly guest ;
While she with weak and trembling limb
Heard, but was 'fraid to look on him.
“ Sweet maid, thy virtue evermore
Pure, undefiled, within thy core,
Keep till thy days on earth are past,
'Twill be thy truest friend at last ;
'Twill fill thy weary heart with peace,
And give thy soul eternal grace ;
'Twill light thee from this vale below,
To where there is no grief or woe.

V.

Thou hast a soul, fair maiden, but
Whene'er a sin inside is put,
Thy soul becomes that instant blind,
And blown as straw is with the wind :
Thou hast a soul, it can be blest
As in an hermit's humble breast,
If virtue guides it as the thread
The spider twists about his head :
Thou hast a soul, and what is it
Which keeps thy frame entirely lit ?
Thou hast a soul, what can it be ?
'Tis surely some great mystery.
Its parts are virtue, love and truth,
And faith, and charity, forsooth ;
If these are lost there is no soul,
But all sinks down to Satan's goal.
A lady's spirit is of love,
Her hope a brighter crown above ;
Her glory is, if she be pure,
A heaven, eternal, to secure :
Now virtue brings her bosom peace,
And faith, and charity, brings grace :
Truth is the harbinger of all
The graces that to mortals fall.
They ne'er can call an hour their own,
Of joy, where seeds of vice are sown ;

Remembrance gives their breasts no peace,
 But points them to amassed disgrace,
 Who ne'er seek maxim, good, to be
 Their guide unto eternity.
 Their souls are blind to every grace
 That those of contemplation trace ;
 No earthly beauty gives them joy -
 Their peace they do themselves destroy,
 Here and hereafter, evermore,
 As cursed as Tamerlane of yore,
 Who butchered half the human race,
 And empires did at will deface,
 In search of bliss he could not feel,
 Possessing such an heart of steel.

VI.

Happy indeed the maid who roves
 In innocence, and truly loves,
 And purely keeps herself alway,
 Until arrives her final day ;
 On earth her passage will be sweet,
 The heavenly host above to meet.
 Then bear in mind before I go
 From this enchanting vale below,
 That disappointments are repaid
 Where virtue lights its native shade ;
 Hereafter those that love sincere,
 Have thousand joys for every tear ;

Who bear their load, nor ever lack,
 But follow virtne's glorious track :
 Remember this, and of the few
 That hath remained to Jesus true,
 It shall be shown the path you trod
 So worthily to Almighty God."

VII.

Such words Belinda's fears subside,
 Who thus unto the man replied :
 "Thy words are of a heavenly strain,
 And fill with hope my erring brain ;
 For thou dost of that kingdom tell
 Where virtuous maidens are to dwell,
 Forever happy, free from woe,
 Which they had merited below.
 What days I have already past
 On earth, with sorrow were o'ercast ;
 For when a cheering prospect lay
 Before me, it was snatched away
 That very instant, as I thought
 I had it to my bosom caught,
 To hold fast in my heart forever,
 But it soon fled, and came back, never.
 The man I love, from honor's road
 He never strayed, nor from his God ;
 From wisdom's path he never roved,
 But knowledge of himself he loved.

Each lovely shade that I behold,
 Reminds me where we sat of old,
 Surrounded by the choicest flowers
 That e'er was seen on earthly bowers ;
 The wall-flower, and the daisy, too,
 The pretty blue-bell, fair to view ;
 The daffodil, and smiling rose,
 And blooming lilies' quiet repose :
 Such sweets of innocence portray,
 As make the senses melt away
 In thoughts of purity, sublime
 As angels in their heavenly clime ;
 In thoughts which lead the memory
 Beyond all pain and agony.

VIII.

Oh ! it is sweet indeed to rest,
 Where doted once the burning breast ;
 Whether oppressed with grief or woe,
 The bliss one time that used to throw
 Its darting shafts of joy around
 In harmony, as thoughts rebound
 To rise again at our desire,
 Love's great illimitable fire.
 In melancholy mood sometimes,
 The heart laments in lonely rhymes,
 But every thought of former bliss,
 Imprints upon the soul a kiss ;

Until its sparks are kindled, then
The vein of joy flows on within.
Reanimating, cheering all
The body, though the tears may fall ;
For there are times that tears will spring
(As birds, lamenting, frequent sing.)
From out our hearts, upon the face,
Which one might think had parted peace :
And in this mood, though sad we seem,
Each pulse within with pleasures teem :
And in this spell, however brief,
The soul itself obtains relief.
But now my way I must pursue,
So heavenly friend, adieu ! adieu !"
Then from the old man's pleasing eyes,
Fast o'er the field Belinda hies ;
And whether of air, of earth, or skies,
He wondered much as there he stood,
She was so lovely, pure and good :
Yet knew that of such stuff, were made
The Irish maids of every grade,
And so the old man passed away,
Whether ghost or sprite, let others say,
Who may have seen him come and go,—
It is not my design to know.

IX.

In dark outlines, how lone to view
At night the top of the Curlew,
Whose summit, soaring to the sky,
The power of wintry blasts defy.
To gain their breath, how many stop
O'erpowered along the Windy Gap?
There stretching 'neath its hoary head,
To many a private converse wed,
In the deep mountain solitude,
Old Mary Giblin's cottage stood;
Where she did fifty summers dwell,
And she had known Belinda well;
For e'en though feeble, old and thin,
She sometimes walked to Coolavin.
Within her cabin for the night,
Belinda found repose and quiet.
While to a blazing bog-dale fire,
Old men and women did retire;
And stories told of Leprecauns,
Who gambol on the heather lawns;
And ghosts and fairies, that pursue
Their nightly walks on the Curlew,
Till on the embers seem to blaze,
All shapes to their excited gaze:
Still more intensified, as they
Behold the Banshee pass away.

As a specimen to what they hold,
Here's one that Peter Giblein told :

X.

“ One day,” said he, “ as evening fog,
Descended on the meads wet surf,
As I was coming from the bog,
With mare and straddle, load of turf ;
I looked and saw a man in gray,
Step from behind the borheen hedge,
The mare began to stamp and neigh,
And prance about in awful rage.
He grasped the reins, she panted still ;
For sure no mortal man was he,
And led her hither at his will,
Into the adjoining fields with me.
My eyes got blind, my body shook,
I trembled like a twining reed,
Nor had I e'en the power to look,—
He bore me off with awful speed ;
And in me dwelt a horde of fears,
I knew not how or whence they came,
A million voices caught mine ears,
Where'er I turned 'twas all the same.
The bag-pipes sounded every side,
And music beat up to the dance,
Which filled the air with pleasures wide,
As up and down they did advance :

And, nimble as the wind, would wheel
In breathless hurry 'round me still,
Keeping good time to every reel,
As water-fall that turns a mill.
A moment more the man in grey
Appeared along my side again,
And shouted, 'further on this way,
Come! Come! no longer there remain.'
So saying he touched my eyes, and lo!
The mountains were on fire above,
The blaze, ascending, high did go,
Among the darkening clouds to rove.
He led me through a deafening den,
Of millions of the fairy kind,
Into the forts and caves within;
Nor dare I cast a look behind.
But what I saw none can describe,
Next day I found myself in bed;
Yet still, methinks, I hear that tribe
Of voices ringing in my head."

XI.

Such in the rural scenes you'll find
To be the state of the peasant's mind,
Whose sweet simplicity of heart
Would a charm to everything impart.
Like the mountain rose, they bloom alone,
A treasure to the world unknown:

This world, so apt to look upon
 The low in fortune, and in birth,
 As if all purity were gone
 From such dependents of the earth.
 We little think that in the shade
 Of poverty some gems reside
 In thread-bare garb, as heavenly made
 As they ensconced in silken pride ;
 Whose virtuous charms far outshine
 The brightest diadems of nature,
 So full of peace and bliss divine,
 As Adam first from his Creator.
 Let men observe the rise and fall,
 And progress of the world abroad,
 And see its glory after all,
 Internally by discord gnawed :
 Then let them seek the scenes of peace,
 Where love, where chastity abound,
 And then their lordly eyes may trace
 Sweet smiles of joy on all around.
 And let them see the summer's eve
 Outlingered by the village boys ;
 And seeing, oh ! let them believe
 That freedom is the cottar's joys.
 That round his farm is his heart,
 The pride of every honest *Gael*,
 And when from it he's forced to part,
 He loses all his earthly weal :

For on their farms, blisses meet
 Around each peasant's humble door,
 That shall be ever pure and sweet,
 To them, and their's forever more,
 'Mid fragrance from the hawthorn bush,
 'Mid honey from the flowery grass,
 They find their heart's undying wish
 In everything round which they pass :
 Oh ! who would then begrudge the poor,
 The humble cottager who toils,
 Beneath a lordling to secure,
 Such comfort on his worn soils ?
 But if they be so cruel, unjust,
 'Twere better he were never born,
 Than dwell in hate upon the dust,
 Curs'd, and remembered but with scorn.

XII.

From the immeasurable horizon,
 Bright shone the wondrous, warm sun,
 Whose rays came down on every crag,
 And shady grove where lay the stag
 Securely ; while the curlew
 In joyful acclamations flew,
 Joined by each bird of lovely wing,
 That hails its beams each note they sing :
 While drones upon the pasture crawl,
 That long had lain along the wall,

More dead than living, till its heat
Gave power to their tiny feet.
With May all nature seems to thrive,
And every object seems alive ;
For every leaf begins to spread,
Flowers blue, and white, and red,
O'er many a bower, and many a dale,
Each speaks its own mysterious tale.
The morning loveliest is in May,
When everything looks fresh and gay,
Good nature opening out her breast,
Makes earth appear sublimely drest ;
As incense burned in Paradise,
Sweet odors from the flowers arise,
Perfuming, mingling to and fro,
With all the gentle winds that blow.
And who can pace the fields along,
Unconscious of the warbler's song,
That greets his ears at every step,
From birds that on the brambles leap,
Inviting playmates forth to rove ;
Into the silent, sylvan grove,
Where slyly rambling they are seen,
Displaying love through many a green ?

XIII.

Much like the love that fills the soul
Of man, he too delights to stroll,

Betimes with her he loves the best,
O'er vales in artless beauty drest ;
There to infuse the soothing balm,
The tranquil valleys yields him calm ;
There in love's arms to retire,
And feel affection's thrilling fire !
For if high heaven, a solace give
To any, 'tis to those that live,
And sentiments most fondly feel
Of love, in truth's revolving zeal ;
Sincere through every turn below,
Alike in joy, alike in woe,
Keep this celestial semblance,
Pure in the core's remembrance :
Without this diamond of the heart,
Existence can no bliss impart ;
Without its rays around us stroll,
Dead are the cravings of the soul ;
Without we feel its genial touch,
Pervade our bosom, 'tis too much
To hope for peace, while here below,
Without it, life were life of woe.
And those that feel it not sincere,
Can ne'er lisp forth a fervid prayer ;
For love is prayer, and prayer is love,
Both have their origin from above.
Whatever breast of these be void,
Better in infancy he died.

Those ills that haunt the daily life,
 Of men who mix in worldly strife,
 Accumulate if destitute,
 Of love to chase them in the root ;
 And bring the man perchance in bloom,
 An unpremeditated doom ;
 Who else might often fondly kiss
 The sweets of nature, had he this.

XIV.

Not me to roam the fairy fields,
 A stranger to what nature yields,
 Not me to pace the valleys o'er,
 With virtue dormant in my core.
 Oh ! let me rove the fields along,
 Firm, resolute, and strong,
 In love's bright ideas evermore,
 Until my days on earth are o'er ;
 The lady whom my soul admires,
 Each moment kindling new fires,
 Hard to extinguish, sweet to feel,
 To which each pulse-beat doth appeal ;
 While May, invites my spirit o'er
 The scenes my Fathers trod before,
 Feeling as I do, that strain,
 Alone that cheers the human brain.
 Let me prefer to wander 'round
 Each haunt, where innocence is found ;

Far from that pale, voluptuous band,
 That stick to friendship with one hand,
 And at the slightest insult throw
 Its bolts amongst the friendly foe ;
 Knowing naught of virtue's law,
 But changeful as their vain *ecbat*.
 And like the lovely morning star,
 First caught by Neplun's peak afar,
 Let me be bright, it matters not
 What doeth the buxom, swindling sot.
 Who sees not nature's charms rake
 With ruling power on every brake,
 Whom, though he's dressed in silken smock,
 His heart turns like the weather-cock.

XV.

As on her way Belinda roved,
 The lily of the valley moved
 Its tall green leaf, and snow white drop,
 While bees disdain to suck the top,
 From pure respect they entertain
 For this the best gem of the plain ;
 Only at evening time they hum
 Themselves upon it until dumb.
 She kissed its little leaf sublime,
 In memory of a former time :
 O'Donnell wore it on his coat,
 And with it love characters wrote

Upon her heart, as fixed and true
As love's all-piercing dart could do ;
And thus in pensive musing, she
Poured forth the following soliloquy :
“ Pure, sweet, and lovely fragrant rose,
Calm as thou art could breast repose,
Free as thou art from galling ill,
Drooping o'er thy murmuring rill ;
The sweetness of thy happy heart,
Couldst thou unto my soul impart,
How blessed were my bosom then
To fight this world of grief and sin ;
Could I but grow in purity,
As thou dost in thy own valley.
Who can each lovely rose behold,
With conscience dark, or dead, or cold ;
Who can perceive their various hue,
Pink and yellow, red and blue,
And still be deaf to innocence,
A language which they yield us, hence
Return, oh sinful man ! and be
As pure as flowers, internally.
Remembrance do they give, of where
The cherubins of God repair,
Around His throne in songs of praise ;
Such song the silent flower plays,
But no one hears it, only those
That speak the language of the rose,

And feel its music purely roll
In thoughts of peace within the soul.
Oh ! for some peaceful bower, where I
Could lay me down and quietly die !
I'm tired of all this worldly strife,
And willingly would part with life ;
But to my country must be given,
My last throb till it beats in heaven.
Ah ! well I wish once more to rove,
The happy scenes of early love,
If I could but O'Donnell see
Once more again along with me."

XVI.

Thus mused Belinda, 'till the shore
Of long Lough Derg, appeared before
Her anxious eyes, for weary she
Came tripping o'er the flowery lea.
There pensive sat her down to rest,
As the sun was sinking in the West,
And looking over Lough Derg wave,
Where the feathered tribe their bosoms lave,
And watch their young in many a creek,
The village boys are wont to seek
With foul intent : she hears among
The firs, and ferns the following sung,
Sweet and melodious, as if grief
Could give the singer's heart relief,

That breathed to the evening gale,
This sad pathetic pastoral wail.

ADARE HALL.

“How fair are the flowers, and lovely the trees,
The eye of the stranger in gazing there sees ;
How ripe are the apples, and pears as they fall,
In those beautiful gardens around every wall.
How sweet are the cherries, and gooseberries too,
The plum and the orange, and blueberry blue,
That bloom in thy quiet shades so innocent all,
Exalting thy grandeur oh, sweet Adare Hall !

How wide are the fields and the plantations green,
Where the rabbit, the hare, and the wild deer is seen,
The cow, and the horse, and the harmless sheep,
And the lambs on the hillocks reclining in sleep :
There the partridge, the plover, the snipe and the duck,
Come to rest when the mountain at eve is forsook,
With the pheasant, and grouse, where they frequently
call

The hours of night, ’round thy meads Adare Hall.

At night when dame nature in silence doth reign,
O’er all living objects, except the deep main,
And hushes the senses of each living thing,
Betimes overjoyed on these bowers they sing :

The lapwing, his short notes resounding along,
 And the shrill curlew in her eagerness strong;
 The blackbird, and thrush in their love songs and all
 That seek for their young ones around Adare Hall.

If 'mid these, though I ask not, nor let it be so,
 Thy tears in remembrance haply should flow,
 In joyous or sorrowful mood, never be
 Too sad, or too merry to think not of me;
 And I shall remember when far, far away,
 The green hills of Adare, wheresoever I stray;
 Then if in the battle, oh, Desmond you fall!
 One true heart will long weep in fair Adare Hall."

XVII.

The sun was sinking from the view,
 Lost were the notes of the curlew;
 Belinda, gazing on the tide,
 A boat approaching she espied,
 Whose prow straight up unto her steers,
 Manned by two stalworth mountaineers;
 Who plied the oars with steady hand,
 Intent to anchor on the strand;
 For well the corners of the lake,
 They held before in many a freak,
 And every outlet and inlet knew,
 When guided by O'Donnell Aboo,

Brawny, and stout their arms appear,
 As they unto Belinda steer ;
 And full their hearts, of honest joys,
 Those wild impatient mountain boys ;
 Nor e'er a Saxon came in view,
 But they and their valiant comrades slew.
 And though with hearts and souls so wild,
 They came before her like a child ;
 Where virtue dwelt in an Irish maid,
 They were respectful, and afraid
 That word or look would them degrade.
 For such are the men of the Irish race,
 They never can a flower deface,
 Which blooms on hill, or valley low,
 Nor a virtuous maid could overthrow.
 And ere they anchor on the strand,
 Their little craft so bravely manned,
 With hearts and bosoms light and gay,
 One of them sings the following lay :

FLOW GENTLE MOY.

Where flows the gentle murmuring Moy,
 Through fairy vales and dells,
 In a lone cottage by its waves,
 My lovely Mary dwells ;
 Bright are her eyes, her ruddy cheeks,
 And ruby lips are sweet ;

You'd travel all green Erin round,
Nor one so fair meet.

How oft beside the silvery Moy,
We strayed in days of yore,
How oft beside its tranquil banks,
Our heart-felt love did pour ;
No tongue can tell, nor pen can write,
How dear she was to me,
Our hearts were light, as birds at night,
Upon the hawthorn tree.

And arm in arm along the Moy,
How often did we rove,
By silent grove, and shady wood,
She told to me her love ;
For Mary's bosom, like the waves
That gently swell the Moy,
Heaved ever, and anon for me,
She called her mountain boy.

But now along the murmuring Moy,
In grief I sadly stray ;
For Mary, lovely Mary, there
Is sleeping in the clay !
And there my heart forever lies,
Along the river Moy —
That voice so sweet, shall ne'er again,
Call me her mountain boy !

Flow gentle Moy, and murmur by
 Her sad, and lonely tomb,
 And hush to rest this weary heart,
 That now is full of gloom ;
 Until upon that happy shore,
 Where all is peace, and joy,
 I hear once more, my Mary's voice
 Call on her mountain boy !

XVIII.

“Come anchor,” cried Belinda, “here,
 Brave warm-hearted mountaineer,
 Thy breast denotes a fervid love,
 For Mary, whose spirit is above—
 Above where all is joy, and peace,
 And without stint eternal grace.
 Tell me by what design or wish,
 Thou hast descried this ivy bush,
 Wherein I hoped to spend the eve,
 And o'er my country's fate to grieve :
 And thy companion, in his look,
 The signs of sorrow seem to brook,
 Though well designed by nature's mould,
 His place 'mong warriors fierce to hold.
 What was it on this placid lake,
 Could such a lovely strain awake ?
 Or was it thoughts of other day,
 Called forth so beautiful a lay ?

I could in sympathy a tear
 Shed for thy feelings, mountaineer."
 "From where O'Donnell takes his stand,
 I came, fair lady, to this strand,
 With this, from that great chief, to thee.
 He willed none but thyself to see ;
 It is the sign by which I know
 The daughter of McDermot Roe.
 To none,—but pardon nor mistrust
 To no one else—I was the first—
 Though of his men, there's far more brave
 Than I to cross o'er Lough Derg wave.
 Then haste, fair maid, with me to-night—
 Our enemies may be in sight
 Before across the lake we steer,
 And have no sorrow, grief or fear ;
 For shelter we are sure to find
 Beyond the waters good and kind.
 A cottage there is hid from view,
 Where Kate O'Donnell waits for you ;
 And strong the foe will be that dare
 Disturb thy gentle form there.

XIX.

At Kate O'Donnell's worthy name
 To Belinda's cheeks the blushes came ;
 For she did well remember Kate,
 Though she'd not seen her form of late :

But long ago, in happier hours,
They walked the self-same ivy bowers ;
Nor fairer, in the village wide,
Than she and Kate could be espied.
Through Kate Belinda first beheld
O'Donnell, who since her bosom swelled
With thoughts of love and purity,
In all her joy and misery !
And now the hope to hear once more
That sweet familiar voice, and pour
Their hearts together, and commune
On lovers absent ; what a boon
To faithful souls, as firm and true
As are the hills of Knockadoo.
Who in this world of care, and woe,
But sometimes feel its ills below ;
Who journeying on the stage of life,
But sees its storms around them rife,
Which must with mortals here remain
Till ends in death the ending pain.
Yet sweet the memory of the past,
Whose mantle o'er the mind is cast
With happy shades of pleasures o'er,
Rejoicing well the inward core ;
For thoughts, the sweetest, linger still,
In columns, marching on the will,
Eternally, mysterious source,
From which they take their onward course.

Such feelings had Belinda then,
In contemplating Coolavin,
She could not for her life forsake
That evening on the lonely lake.

XX.

Night spread its sable robe o'er all
The hills around,—in death-like pall
Appeared the lake,—all had forsook,
Their usual haunts, save the wild duck,
That at intervals o'er the wave,
Flew to its dismal marshy cave ;
Whose croak so solitary swooned,
Each now and then, and hoarsely tuned,
Was heard above Belinda's head,
As though the waves her shallop sped,
Till Katie's cottage came in view,
Hid by the rocks of Lissadoo.
Well did the rocks in those dark days,
Hide Katie's cottage from the gaze
Of evil eyes, and evil tongue,
And prying infidels who sprung,
Like Goth, and Vandal, long ago
The power of Roman to overthrow ;
But far more wretched could be seen,
Such savage hordes of men I ween,
On many a bower, and sacred pile,
Throughout green Erin's lovely Isle ;

Nor principle, nor motive just,
 Had they, but enmity, and lust,
 Conspicuous marked their every act,
 Deceit, and treachery ; in fact,
 They were with every vice intact.
 From such the virtuous had to flee,
 To many a hill for safety ;
 To many a shade, and silent glen,
 And quiet recess, or cave within,
 The mountain's tranquil solitude,
 However lonely, dark, and rude :
 Yet well protected in such sphere.
 They were by many a mountaineer :
 Whose courage ne'er was known to lack,
 Though 'twere the torments of the rack :
 Who ne'er from foe was known to flee,
 While a pulse-beat fired their souls to be,
 As the mountain air around them free.
 And such protectors there of late,
 Had been the guards of lovely Kate,
 Who then, pure as a fragrant rose,
 Within her cottage did repose.

XXI.

Kate was O'Donnell's sister, who
 Had parted her beside the lake,
 And placed her in strong hands as true,
 As e'er a battle-axe did take.—

But now a message with his friends,
To her, and to Belinda sends,
That they should on to Limerick go,
And with him meet the Saxon foe.
Unlike Belinda, Kate could pierce,
Her foes more swift, she was so fierce,
By nature brave, and nobly formed,
She to the coming battle warmed ;
Full well she knew her holy creed,
In deep humility did bleed,
Bleed inwardly, sad, sore, alone,
Lamenting days of freedom gone,
Days when her countrywomen prayed,
In public, nor a Saxon feared,
While pouring out their hearts to God,
In convents on their native sod.
But now upon her Island green,
To worship Him, few could be seen.
Save in some deep, and craggy pass,
Where a priest would sometimes offer mass.
To him the faithful oft would stroll,
In search of comfort for their soul ;
And none more prompt was seen of late,
To lead that flock than gentle Kate,
Whose race dispersed by cruel laws,
Caused her to plead with God their cause,
That by submission and holy merit,
Their lands again they would inherit.

XXII.

Kate's lonely cot Belinda gained,
And with her there the night remained,
While the two sturdy boatmen, kept
A faithful guard, nor even slept ;
Two noble maids had they to shield,
For danger lurked in every field ;
So fearful was the land of late,
That foes were seen at every gate ;
But great the foe could overthrow,
The daughter of McDermot Roe,
And the O'Donnell of the glen,
While thus protected by such men.
There our two heroines, ere they sleep,
Talk long of lovers gone, and weep
With joy, that on the morrow they
Would have a chance the foe to slay.—
But little their spirits, wandering free,
Dreamed 'twould be last time they should see
The lovely haunts they once pursued,
In happier days and happier mood.
At length to sleep their senses flew,
Just as the game-cock loudly crew,
Announcing that the dawn was near,
The hour that goblins disappear
Into their dreary forts, where sprites
Plan campaigns of succeeding nights.

And here we leave those ladies fair
 In slumber, till the hour of prayer
 Awoke them up to duty's call ;
 For 'neath their humble cottage wall
 Old Father Tom arrived to say
 (As 'twas his habit on the way)
 The last Mass, perhaps, he ever more
 Would offer on this earthly shore.
 Here then, by Lough Derg's peaceful flow,
 We close our second, sweet Canto.

END OF SECOND CANTO.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

Who comes so fearless and serene,
 This day on yonder winding green ?
 Or does she deign a grave to find,
 A soldier's grave of humble kind.
 Bodes there no fear within her heart,
 Which cannon balls, seem to impart
 To all around, but firmly she
 Treads on the gory-spotted lea ;
 Of all her train, unheeded by
 The thundering bolts that split the sky,
 O'er Limerick city, as fierce a day,
 As e'er was sung in Trojan's lay.

Home-spun the garments that she wore ;—
And a musket in her hand she bore,
And brightly gleaming by her side,
Her flowing gown seemed well to hide
A sword, and pair of pistols cased,
And a belt with daggers on her waist.
A helmet, sparkling bright and sheen,
Displaying emblems of the Green
She loved so well, was on her head,
As to the fray her sex she led ;
Her sex consisting of but ten,
Yet braver than a hundred men,
When led by one who now appears,
Hailed by three hearty Irish cheers.
So turned Belinda to the gate,
Where O'Donnell's sign was seen of late,
With every patriot pulse on fire,
She looked to the Cathedral spire,
Where waved the flag of McDermot Roe,
She knew was battling with the foe.
Her father's standard well she knew,
Would stand with the O'Donnell Aboo,
Or fall together in the strife,
Not till they both had parted life.

II.

On Limerick's walls, O'Donnell stood
In midst of danger and of blood ;

While William's men on every side,
In countless numbers, madly tried
Those well defended walls to gain,
O'er thousands dying, thousands slain ;
For well they stood, those noble walls
Beneath King William's mighty balls.
There at the breach, Belinda served
Her country well, and well deserved—
And looking o'er the scene, observed
O'Donnell battling with the foe,
Beside the great McDermot Roe.
Then tears they came upon her face,
Although in such a dangerous place ;
For years had passed, since she had seen
His form on the village green :
They loved each other, nor of sin,
Could harbor aught round Coolavin.
And now let whate'er will betide,
She rushes to O'Donnell's side.
"Tis she," he cried, as with a start,
He clasped her firmly to his heart !
"Oh! we have loved, and should this day
My soul to regions bear away,
I'll think of thee among the blest,
Or damned in hell that I may rest !
I'll think of happy days of yore,
When round Cloongee, we wandered o'er

The mountain wild, the hill and dale,
Where we once sat, to breathe the gale
Of perfume, from the hawthorn tree—
Those moments sweet are dear to me.
But ah ! yon party of great power,
In numbers down upon us lower
Their murderous guns, with horrid crash
Against the walls, they seem to dash
In fragments flying through the air,—
But we are strangers to despair ;
For Berwick, Sarsfield, our bravest men,
Have yet to die, ere it they win.
But ha ! the breach they're climbing now,
Like demon-fiends from every brow ;
The sun is sinking in the west,
And evening welcomes all to rest.
The foe are pressing through the gate—
Belinda flee ! no longer wait,
Enough for me the present state !
Thus spoke Belinda, to O'Donnell, “no,
At such a time as this to go,
And leave thee here in such a strife,
I'd rather ten times loose my life !
What are those worldly joys to me,
And riches too if far from thee ?
Oh ! let me stay, O'Donnell, do,
I'm happy here along with you ;

And if we fall in such a fight,
Our spirits joined, shall take their flight
To heavenly regions, bright and gay,
Forever there in peace to stray.
So long as in me life remains,
I'll share thy sorrows, and thy pains.
But why those looks, that heavy sigh,
Has conscience dared to mark thine eye?
Something I wean disturbs thy brow,
Then be it known unto me now.
Ah! thus to leave thee, heaven, no,
That tear now falling says not so;
Thou'rt still sincere—but there's a gloom
Upon thy cheek, fit for the tomb!
Dwells in thy bosom, evil deed,
Come, be it known, I'll pluck the weed!
If it can be done with human hand—
Ah! love you tremble, as you stand."
"Oh, yes!" O'Donnell, thus replied,
While from his face the tears he dried,
And stood, hands clasped, oh! yes,
I am so guilty, I dare not kiss
Those lips that I have kissed before,
Ere virtue left me evermore,
With bosom bleeding, and demented core!
Then go, Belinda—I have sought,
But lustful acts in every thought,

While on the mountains fast and free,
Since last I bade adieu to thee.
Though in the warfield I am bold,
My conscience dares me now to hold
A maid so lovely as thou art,
Entirely terrifies my sinful heart :
And if my lips, I touched at first
To thine Belinda, for they're cursed,
Forgive me, oh ! it was the wish
Again to see thee, caused the rush !
'Twas the remembrance of our love,
That bade me leave yon wall above ;
Nor recked then of my present state,
But willed as if to ope' heaven's gate
And leave thee there—such happy place,
I fear me much I ne'er can trace.
I loathe to tell my hellish acts,
The outlines may betray the facts :
Let all my sins to-day be given
To Him, who rules supreme in heaven.
But see ! the broken breach they climb,
This seems the most decisive time—
Flee ! instant flee ! forever flee,
And leave this horrid place to me !
Adieu ! some chieftain bold inspire
Thy spotless heart, with love's true fire ;
While thou'rt on earth, though I'm in hell—
(Yet God forbid I in it dwell)

I still shall love thee, and thou'lt pray
For my poor spirit, night and day.
Had I been worthy of thy heart,
In death I would not from thee part ;
But I'm so foul compared to you,
That I must go, adieu ! adieu !"
" Stay ! stay ! O'Donnell, though unblest,
You live within this frail breast,
And if thou wert ten times as cursed,
I love thee still, with all thy lust !
And if there be, but only one
Emotion sweet, of days now gone,
'Twill satisfy my weary heart,
And leave it with thee though we part.
Whate'er there is of inward guilt,
The blood shall save our Saviour spilt.
Then go, I follow to the strife,
In death then claim me as thy wife ;
For I have come prepared to-day,
My country's enemies to slay—
May heaven direct our arms aright,
Before the foe this woeful night."

V.

" Unworthy, oh ! Belinda, as am I,
And wilt thou follow and with me die,
Our hopes of heaven then God fortify.

But why so speak, while comes the foe—
Belinda flee this place of woe,
Go! go! this instant, nor longer stay,"
O'Donnell shouted, as he dashed away.
A chieftain bold, who lately led
His band, when many a hero bled ;
Who sprung from Erin's noblest blood,
And had before the brunt withstood
Of many a hard and well fought field,
Nor e'er to Saxon did he yield.
But soiled his name, by deeds that lave
His heart with sorrow, as it gave
Each now and then, that settled truth,
How virtue left him with his youth.
O'er Coolavin, and many a scene
Of loveliness and beauty sheen,
With Belinda he had happy been ;
But 'twas in youth, before began
That course which ruins a fiery man :
Blest in his own dear native isle,
Till he had parted her, to smile
No more on woman half as bright.
As he was then with virtue's light.
Thus many a man thro' passion's sway,
Ne'er knows on earth a happy day,
Ne'er feels an hour of peaceful rest,
While thoughts of lust attack his breast ;

And burns the essence of his core,
Now lost to shame for evermore.
Ah ! pity that the souls of men,
Are bound to see each horrid sin,
Their habitations daily fill,
Without an effort to suppress
That loathsome form of wretchedness.
Oh ! virtue, how can mortals flee
For rest to any point but thee ;
For peace or comfort anywhere,
But what thou hast enough to spare !
Then be to me the truest friend,
Till on this earth my days I end ;
None sought thee yet but were below
Free from sorrow, grief and woe,
And none will seek thee, but shall feel
That thou hast every charm to heal.

VI.

Meantime the eager foe had gained
The broken breach, and there remained,
But all in vain they spilt their blood ;
For Erin's sons before them stood
So bravely, and so fiercely there,
That none to face them hardly dare.
Ah ! terrible had been each blow,
The men of Ireland dealt the foe,

Backed by their wives and daughters who
 Were dealing death around them too ;
 With pots and pans, of every kind ;
 They could within the city find.
 The cannon's roar and shells around,
 And shouts of thousands on the ground,
 Filled all the earth, resembling hell,
 Where spirits of the damned must dwell ;
 While to the breach in hurry rushed
 The foes of Erin, who were crushed
 Horde after horde—King William, he
 Beheld from Cromwell's battery,
 Dismayed our heroes' bravery.

VII.

One thousand now, one more again
 Of Williamites prolong the din,
 And are cut off as they appear,
 While thousands more fill up the rear.
 The pike, the pitchfork, every blade
 Of Irish steel, an havoc made,
 Firm as the will of Caesar, on
 The margin of the Rubicon.
 Again they meet, again they dash
 Their swords together, with a flash
 Both fall, haply to yield their breath,
 And conquer in the arms of death ;

Then trampling o'er them others meet,
 While shells are falling fast and fleet,
 And balls are whizzing through the air,
 Which Lauzèn far away doth hear,
 Who had retreated on the approach
 Of William's men, the poor cockroach:
 Unworthy of that illustrious race,
 Whose actions time shall ne'er efface,
 Whose power all o'er the world is felt,
 Where'er Napoleon's name is spelt.

VIII.

Here soldiers were from every Isle
 To Europe known, and grim the while,
 As pressing onward in the fight
 Were they, which closed not with the night,
 For the besiegers could not reach
 The gallant few, that held the breach.
 Oft Erin's sons o'ertrew the foe,
 By orders of McDermot Roe,
 Hard fought he at Belinda's side,—
 With gore of Brandenburgers dyed
 His coat of armor, but he recked
 Not who his contriments inspect,
 Well fought the Prince of Coolavin,
 And the O'Donnell of the glen,
 And Kate was there, as firm and bold,
 As Helen in the days of old,

For whom her regal knightly boy,
Laid seige, and conquered ancient Troy.
Long, well, and terrible they fought,
And here and there the enemy sought ;—
The wrongs were in their hearts to-day,
Of centuries long past away !
The wrongs unrighted many a year,
Which kept their ancestors in fear,
They would revenge upon the spot,
And Saxon rule forever blot.
And ever, and anon, the fate
Of foes lay in the hands of Kate,
Who with uplifted arm the while,
Could kill an enemy and smile ;
Nor knew compunction, or regret,
Her father's wrongs she thinks of yet,
And lovers whom a Saxon slew
Without an Irish friend in view ;
When desolation marked the place,
Once the abode of all her race,
Who fared, like others of their kin,
The cruel designs of wicked men,
That plundered all the island then.

IX.

But see ! Belinda ! how she fights
Beside her country's noble knights,

How now her arms are raised on high,
As if imploring from the sky
Assistance, but whene'er they fall,
A dead man sinks beneath the wall!
Now cheering on her warrior sex,
Against the force of William Rex;
Now trampling on those overthrown
By pot and pan, and rolling-stone,
And missiles of whatever sort,
Were found in alley, lane and court:
She now directing, now replying,
And sometimes weeping o'er the dying,
The dying friends, who round her stood,
That day of horror, and of blood!
Yet ever on her tongue, a speech
Was to protect the broken breach,
On which she stood a hotter day,
Than e'er was sung in Homer's lay.
And now from hill to lonely plain,
(As Brian that whipped the haughty Dane)
Is heard the tale of those bright days,
And Limerick's heroes all doth praise,
And many a heart, unused to feel
A pulse-beat in their country's zeal,
Still love to speak of all its fame,
And to their children lisp its name.
There Sarsfield, and his heroes slew
King William's foreign enslaving crew;

Fought 'gainst a host from every clime,
A mixture mixed not since that time.

X.

There Father Tom, of honest heart,
His sacred offices impart,
And from his bosom would unfix,
Before the dying, a crucifix ;
With hand of blessing o'er their head,
To guide their spirit, as it fled
Unto a home of lasting peace :
For they departed full of grace,
And died in a deserving cause,
Upholding God's eternal laws,
True to their ever-holy creed—
How could their spirits stand in need,
Which only waited to be freed ?
There where a wounded soldier lay,
Old Father Tom would wend his way,
Consoling, and anointing him
Whose closing eyes were growing dim,
Dim to this vale of earthly grief, —
From whom else could they get relief,
But from the Clergy, faithful to
Their loving charge,—I never knew
In hour of danger or of need,
One of them to betray their creed.

They are the firmest that stand
To God, and to their fatherland.
There is no nation on the earth,
That knows so well their heavenly worth,
As Erin, where they always were
The poor man's pride, the rich one's care.
For in all the sorrows of the Celt,
And they were many that he felt,
They with her people stood serene,
Beneath the sweet folds of the green,
And courage gave when all seemed lost,
We know at what a fearful cost ;
Hope whispered in the patriot's ear,
And calmed, and soothed all his fear ;
Wept as he wept, and cheered his last
Departing gaze, with glories past.
Ah ! never in the peasant's home,
Shall fade the light that is to come ;
The glory of the Irish priest,
Shall bloom forever there at least !
Now Father Tom, the good old priest,
Is called in hurry and in haste
To the old huntsman of Cloongee,
Who wounded lay upon the lea ;
And there was seen above his head,
Three Williamites already dead ;
So well the sportsman knew his game,
Death was to him or life the same ;

He saw the ruin the Saxon made,
 Before he left his native shade,
 And the dispersion of his race,
 Was pictured in his dying face—
 His race nigh run, himself the last
 Of all the huntsmen of the past,
 Who o'er the Curlew mountains flew,
 That well the tracks of reynard knew.
 All, all is o'er, he's lying low,
 Clutched in the arms of his foe!
 There too the sturdy boatman lay
 Smiling in death, but cold as clay;
 Cold, too, the enemy by their side,
 Which plainly told the way they died;
 Their father and his daughters three
 Ere now were in eternity;
 All to their country gave their lives,
 And of that family none survives
 But one, the Limerick maids relate,
 Who died like them in Ninety-eight;
 Who carried the hate, engendered then,
 A hundred years, to fight again.

XII.

Where thickest rose the bloody swell,
 O'Donnell fought as poets tell,
 Where most the thundering cannons roar,

As dauntless as the name he bore
Through life on Erin's fervid shore.
Belinda ever by his side,
In many a foe her dagger dyed ;
None more conspicuous in the fray
Than they on that eventful day.—
“ But hark ! ” O'Donnell shouted, “ see !
The Brandenberghers gain yon battery ;
Belinda from this place repair,
I'll blow the wretches in the air ;
And ere the sun a fathom lowers
We'll count the day, and Limerick ours.”
So saying, O'Donnell instant lit
(For that desperate business he was fit)
The powder mine, and through the air
Rolled shafts of thunder everywhere.
The earth it trembled, miles around,
And William fainted at the sound ;
Skulls, legs, and arms in the sky,
The saved beholder could descry ;
Of sin, how many a weighty load,
Some carried to their last abode,
To climes of torture or repose,
The which none but Almighty knows,
Who shows according to their merit
The endless space they must inherit.

XIII.

Far o'er the rocks of Keeper Hill,
Smoke from the city issued still,
As if throughout that lonely night
To hide the horrors of the fight,
The fight that left Green Erin free,
By virtue of the "Broken Treaty."

XIV.

Now all is still, except the groan
Of some dying soldier, or the moan
A lover gave, about to die,
And leave the maid for whom his sigh
Is sorely given—his moments last
Recall the days which he had passed
With her, too sweet on earth to last.
But worst of all, the sickening sight
Of Brandenberghers on that night,
Who looked like furies, with faces black
As Lucifer around his pack.
And now and then the ceaseless cry
Of sufferer in his agony,
Forebodings gave of worldly greed,
And how men fight for lying creed.
Each now and then would take its flight
A soul, upon what shore to light
It is not given us here to know,
But God alone sees where they go.

Yet there are those that virtues bless
Through life, and there repose we guess,
Which faith and holy writ has said
The moths consume not, nor rust fade ;
'Tis heaven itself where all shall go
Who lead good lives while here below,
And keep those holy truths divine
The Scriptures teach in every line,
Truths plain enough to faithful eyes,
Man's earthly guide to Paradise.
Ah ! who would then in evil stroll,
And blight the prospects of his soul ?
Who for a fleeting moment's bliss
Would leave himself in wretchedness ?
Forbid it Heaven that ever we
Thy children, should unhappy be :
We who have held, through thick and thin,
Thy holy faith—we Irishmen
Whom Patrick taught without a flaw,
The precepts of thy heavenly law,
Intact until the end of time—
Grant we may see thy blessed clime.

XV.

Sad were the cries that wafted there,
And told the mourner's deep despair.
In Limerick city, all night long,
Too sad to tell, or to prolong.

A widow o'er her husband leaned,
And there an orphan long remained,
With tearful eyes, that indicate
The prospects of his future state.
Nor less the cries of mastiff bold,
That lay beside his master cold,
With longing gaze, to see him rise,
Until bewildered with his cries,
He looks, still wondering why he lay
So long at rest, nor left till day ;
Then growling at the man's intent,
That drove him off, away he went
Reluctantly, with tedious pace,
Oft turning round to see the face
Of him, with whom of late he led
A wreckless life, as fast he sped
Up hill and down, till on the lea,
The dying hare no more was free.
While down upon the plain is led,
The wagon to carry off the dead.
Or living with his lamp scarce lit,
Load after load, into the pit,
Where is extinguished, the last ray
His body feels, till Judgment day ;
Then God himself, will surely choose
The spotless for His blest repose ;
And in Jehosaphat's distant vale,
The damned will pour unheeded wail ;

Nor rocks, nor hills, shall on them fall :
 Tho' loud and earnest they may call,
 But hell will envelop the whole,
 The flesh united to the soul,
 For endless time, in pain to be
 Cursed by their own made misery.

XVI.

No mourner there that awful night,
 Betrayed the gazer such a sight,
 As poor Belinda, who long sought
 For brave O'Donnell, sadly fraught
 With sobs and sighs ; the zephyr breeze
 Flung them in echoes 'mong the trees,
 While tears were running on her face,
 As o'er the dead, she stayed her pace,
 Searching, every corpse she turned,
 Nor their appearance even spurned,
 Till, unawares, O'Donnell's frame,
 Mangled before her vision came !
 Ten balls had pierced him in the breast,
 And fifteen wounds had split his chest ;
 His hand entangled, was like glue,
 In the hair of Erin's foe he slew ;
 The other hand his bosom clasped,
 And in the palm his sword he grasped,
 Enough the sight, to break her heart—
 She gazed, then gave a maniac start,

And fell beside him, at his head
 She held, until her spirit fled
 Away to meet him ; for 'tis said,
 That those in love are still arrayed,
 With loved ones in those scenes of bliss,
 Which they had longed for when in this.
 If such be so, she's sure to see
 O'Donnell there, eternally ;
 For he had ne'er within his breast
 A spot for others' love to rest.
 'Twas her's, from infancy to then,
 He never tried a maid to win ;
 In darkest moments of his life,
 His love was true thro' every strife :
 And though temptation him assailed,
 To think of her he never failed,
 But kept the inborn love he felt,
 Pure as when in Cloongee he dwelt.

XVII.

Thus perished he, a noble chief
 Of Erin, whose career was brief,
 But famous to his native land,
 In many a battle did he stand.
 And to exalt it only sought,
 In every battle which he fought :
 Like thousands of those heroes bold,
 That fell for it in days of old.

Few chiefs or heroes ever died,
As he with lover at his side ;
For 'tis the lot of chieftains all,
Remote from those they love to fall ;
But many die as brave as he,
Who seek their country's liberty
And freedom's fire try to light,
The emblem of their ancient right.
Their fate soon spread around Athlone,
The peasants to whom they were known,
In numbers weeping as they sped,
Were to their bier in sorrow led ;
And mothers with their children young,
In praises of their valor sung,
For many a year in after day,
None can in Limerick now gainsay.

XVIII.

Still in the hearts of those that were,
An hundred years from that day there,
Remained the memory of them,
Which mists of time could scarcely dim ;
And many a maid, who strayed alone
As evening shadows faintly shone,
Threw for a time away her cheer,
And o'er them dropped a silent tear !
Alas ! how many tears were shed,
When Sarstfield, and his men were led

From Erin's Isle, no more to roam
The fairy fields they loved at home !
At home, that word is alien now,
To many an Irishman I trow ;
They never saw the country more,
From which they were reluctant bore.
But in their hearts, for ever lie
The memory of that parting cry,
'Twas worse than sorrow o'er the grave,
That parting cry their women gave,
Whom they should never more behold,
To cheer them as in days of old !
But oft that cry in other lands,
In Saxon blood, imbrued their hands,
Caused them to face the hated foe,
With many a death-directed blow—
Ah ! never more to woman's heart,
Can grief such loneliness impart,
Can separation, bring such pain
To Irishwoman's heart again !
And many a mother as she gazed
At their departure, never raised
Her eyes on earth, of comfort riven,
Her looks, and thoughts were all on heaven.

XIX.

'Tis useless more to stretch my strain,
For sorrow crowds upon my brain ;

'Tis useless for me to prolong
This touching narrative of song :
One consolation is to know
How fared the great McDermot Roe,
Who, home returned to Coolavin,
And ne'er was known to smile again :
Yet lived unto a good old age,
And ne'er in battle did engage :
But his descendants good and great,
Fought manfully in Ninety eight.
And oft the silent tear would flow
Adown the cheeks of McDermot Roe :
For yet his sweet Belinda claimed
The only love of which he dreamed ;
Till Father Tom, now worn and old,
His dissolution to him told,
And closed his eyes, no more to ken
The peaceful shades of Coolavin !
Whether Kate had fallen, whether flew,
None round the walls of Limerick knew :
For she was never after seen
There, or at Lough Derg's winding green.
But some who nightly vigils keep,
While other men profoundly sleep,
See, as their secret walks they take,
Her form gliding o'er the lake ;
And say that still she wanders there,
A weeping shadow in the air,

Her fallen country to deplore,
 Still on the banks of Lough Derg shore.
 Not she alone to mourn that time,
 The saddest to her native clime ;
 For to this day, beyond the deep,
 In every clime, the Irish weep
 The state of their unhappy land,
 By laws of cursed Saxons damned.

XX.

Next of the old, and worthy few,
 That death's attachment came to sue,
 Was Father Tom, himself, but he
 We leave unto the Diety,
 Who well his many virtues knew,
 For they were legions to His view.
 In Him he had a mighty friend,
 And found at death a peaceful end ;
 For all his days were passed in peace,
 And kindness to the human race.
 Thus sweetly at the hour of death,
 He yields to God his latest breath ;
 The latest words from him that came,
 Gave glory to His holy name ;
 And blest the mourners at his bed,
 Before his spirit upward fled ;
 Then closed his eyes, an instant more

They gaze upon that heavenly shore,
Where pain, can ne'er oppress his core!
And thus with sorrow on my brow,
I close the Siege of Limerick now,
A poor endeavor; but by some,
It may be read in days to come,
When I am dead, and I am gone,
And other men, and bards live on;
And when, perhaps, my country free,
Will think of Emmet, if not me.
Not till that day, let any praise
Be given to my mournful lays,
Of joy bereft—how could they glow
With merriment, and Erin low?
But still a ray of hope I bring,
To her, in all the songs I sing,
Which yet will blossom into light,
Though long the time, and dark the night.
Be then prepared, here and at home,
For the great day that is to come,
When finally, our race shall see
Their glorious land forever free!

THE END.



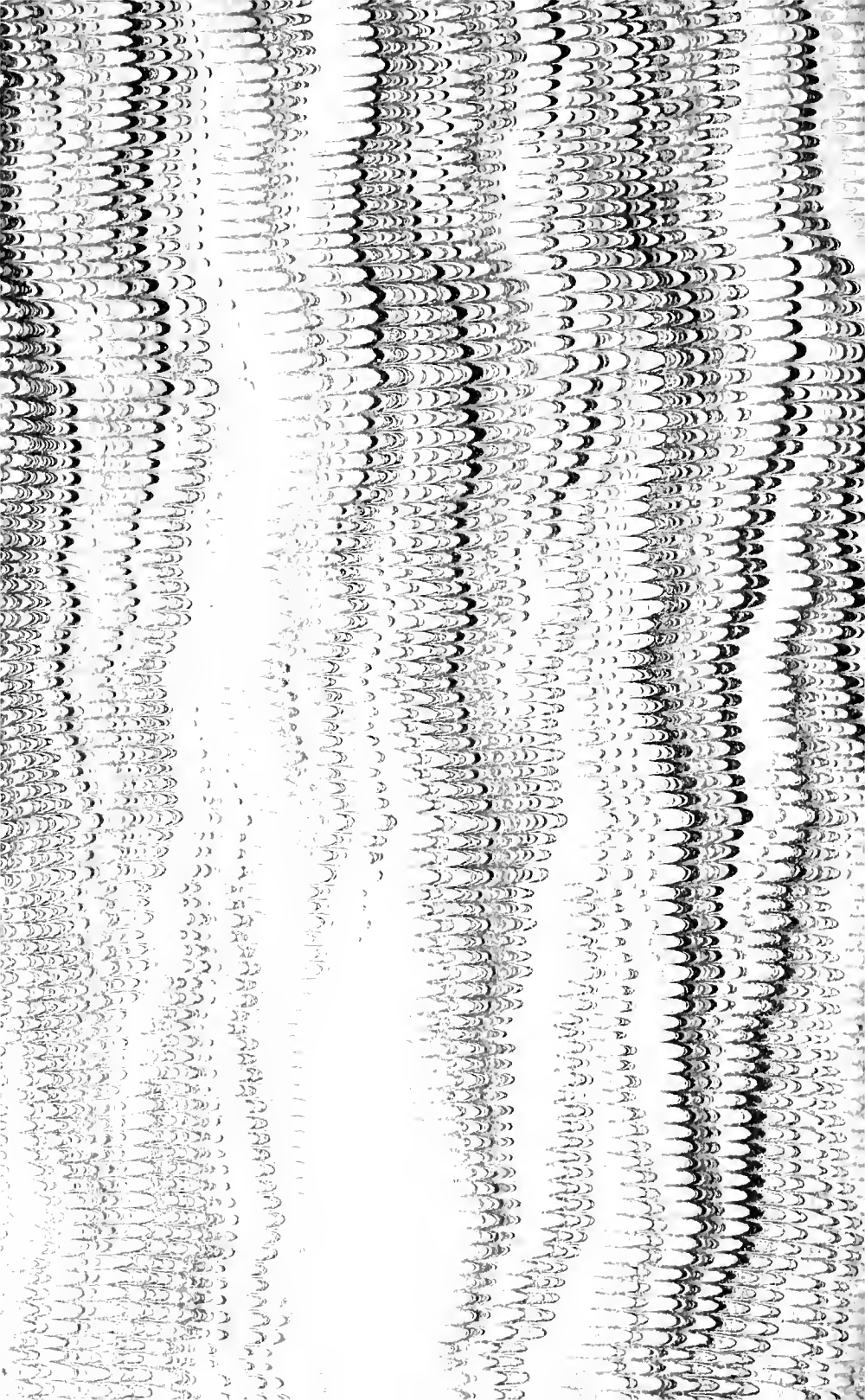
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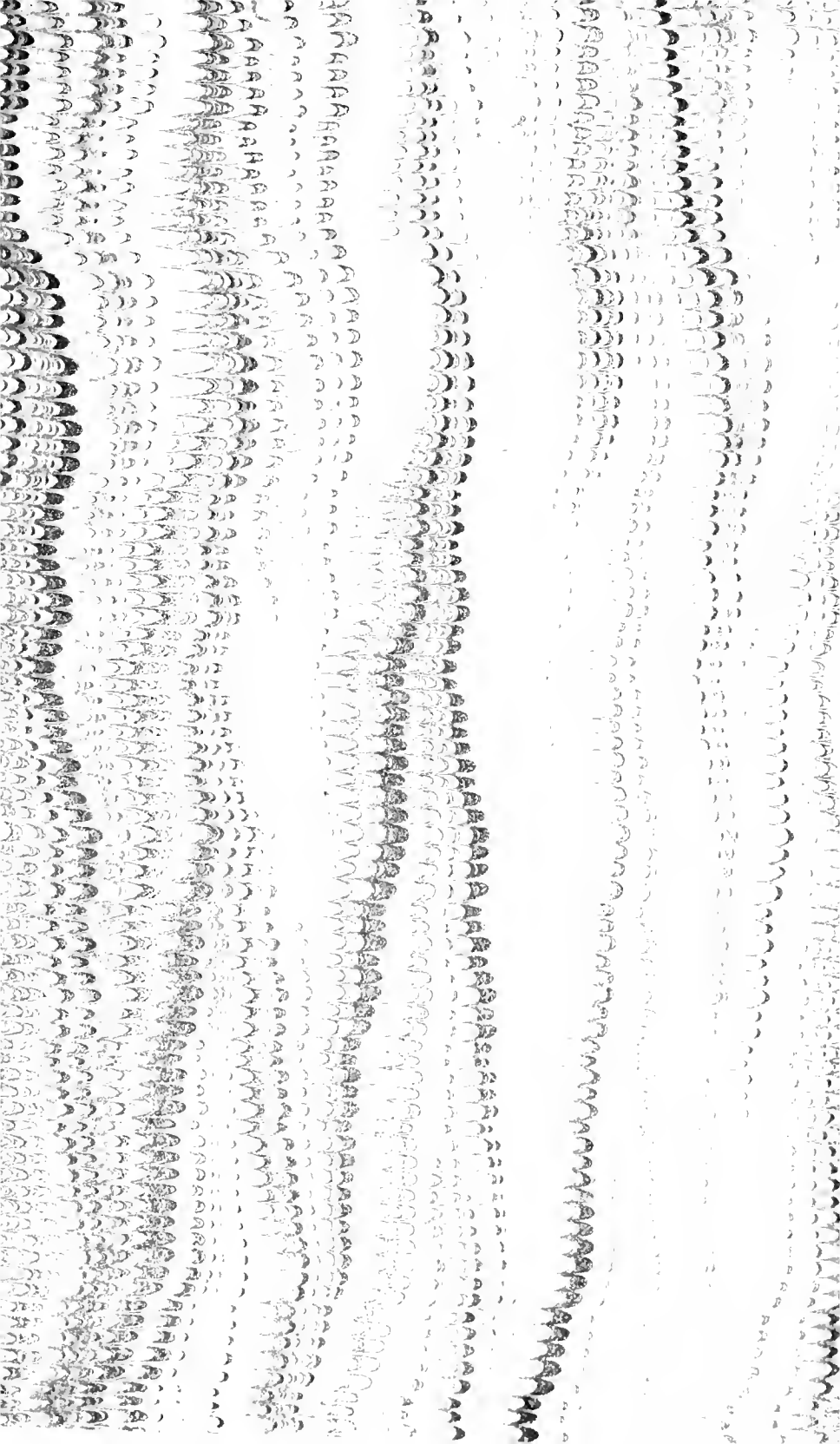
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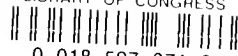
D.C.

Handwritten text, possibly a signature or a list of names, including "L. D. ...".





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